THE RATTLERS VIRTUES, one of the shade, 'cause it has legs. Some folks over there says it also to lost of the shade of the

clows along some of the creeks in the reacts of the county were so lively with at the sounding of their rattles as you our way through was like the whirring day of a field full of the big ve call the grasshopper. I was somewas, and Is now, greatly in demand, in going across a meadow along men's Creek. I bagged thirty-nine ellows that yielded an average of \$3 That was before the days, that rattleins had become commercially valua-5 a snake would have been a low yield for pagross the meadow. It used to be so. sly neighborhood, particularly, that a unted as much on the crop of rattlers to hay crop. But there has been a decrease in rattlesnakes in the in the past ten years, and the back-natives are not a little worked up over by believe that all the prescriptions that on put up since Adam had his rib d and every continent that was made Aaron had his beard colled can't compare nake oil when a cure-all is wanted. y for rheumatism. So they view the f a possible rattlesnake-oil drought

akes up our way is due largely to the saukes that have their home in the est region north of us, but which coming down in the rattlesnake late years to forage. Those blackmakes are not anything to wonder at if they n feet long. I read in one of our local newspapers of an old resident driving along ne of the mountain roads in the upper part of e of the mountain roads in the upper part of a county, accompanied by his two daughters. Idealy the horse stopped and tried to turn out in the read. The old resident whipped a ur, but he refused to go forwardand began rear and plungs. Then one of the girls, look-gahead, saw a huge blacksnake lying in the ad, while her father jumped out, got a club, destricted to kill the snake. The snake did a wait to be killed, but came rapidly forward meet the man, with its head raised two feet over the ground, and hissing like a steam ive. The old gentleman swung his club and whit the snake a blow on the neck that coked the reptile flat, and acouple of whacks the lead with the club killed it, so far as its wer for harm went, but the thrashing about its long body continued for five minutes or the head was smashed. That choice eimen of the Black Forest blacksnake asured nearly twelve feet.

These blacksnakes entertain a deadly hosty to our rattlesnakes and are constantly it is entitled to be a deer, and the doom of trattler it scaled. The blacksnake is as changle for the man a rattle sand and the sequence is that much time does not clapse or a blacksnake tackless a rattler until there me less rattler to give forth music to the he county, necompanied by his two daughters.

d he lies back and laughs. His delight is says especially great if there are women tong the visitors when the snakes are introced. The screaming that ensues and the lift with which a woman car reach the top has counter, from pted by the sight of a ratstake or two on the floor, he says are better in a Wild West show.

This snake-loving merchant will leave a domer at any time if he can flad a good enerwhite he talks snake. The renugnance of the big majority of human beings feel cut the screent family is something he understand. He is an enthusiastic trout and went on with their fishing with point. As they went up the stream they fisherman coming down. It was the fanering storekeeper, but the visiting nen did not know it. They asked him knew whether there were any rattle-brauni there. The storekeeper was in ment at once. He thought the two is were sensible men who wanted to up rattlesnakes, but had had lad luck resche was at their service at once. If on the scent for rattlesnakes just come with want. Just look here, ed up the lid of his big crael. The deliphia fishermen, whose desire to had rapidly oozed away, looked into Then they yelled, and, before the resuld say another word, they were

e is nothing like a real good rattle-untry for the development of genius

ve never had no cattlespakes

Maybe you might a noticed Hanner's teeth. That's what bitin' the neek of a live rattler will do. She bit one when she was a gal. Hanner!

"Hannah stuck her head through the kitchen door again, and the white teeth gleamed.

"Didn't you bite the neck of a live rattler when yon was a gal? said Hiram.

"You'd a thunk so, I guess, if you'd a heerd him shake that tail o' his'n when I seeked my chompers into him!" said Hannah, and she withdrew her head again.

"Hiram simply nodded his head and waved his hand toward the kitchen, as much as to say. Tehoid the result." Taking this case of Hannah's teeth and this case of Hannah's brother Joe's consumption, and not yet knowing the genius of Hiram, I had to admit that there might be something in the rattlesnake live neek and heart freatment; but when I learned, during my stay in that part of the country, that Hannah's brother Joe's consumption never returned after he ate the stake sheart for the very good reason that he died two days inter, and that Hannah's remarkably white and even teeth were the production of a Sinnemahone dentist who had leen through that settlement a year or so before, I awoke to the fact that while genius was some to develop in a real good rattlesnake country, that was no reason why I should attribute more virtues to the rattlesnake than he really has; so I do not recommend either the live neek or the heart cure."

THE DEWEY EPIC.

Sober Nature's Experiment in the Field of Heroic Romance.

"Won't there be a horrible row when Dowey omes home," said the youngster, breaking the silence of the hour of pipes and evening

Tinkleton smiled lazily for a moment, as if the interruption only served to fan the glow of his pipe dream. Then he roused himself to

"Yes," he said, "if he ever does come home."
His chum and the youngster both looked up in
some surprise. "If he ever does come I want
to be right in the crowd with the restand get a good, certain look at him. Until that time I shall never be quite sure in my mind that there

Here his chum settled back again with a good-natured smile. The youngster looked his wonderment, and Tinkieton turned to him

"I mean," he continued, "a real material organic unit of living animal tissue like ourselves, that will look intelligent when you say 'Admiral Dewey.' There may be such a thing. Admiral Dewey. There may be such a thing, but how do we know anything about it? He-e we are, three simple men, who live and work and peer out curiously from our insignificance at the momentons affairs of the lite around us. We learn a little from what we see, and imagine a great deal more. For our ideas of things beyond the immediate range of our senses we must depend altogether upon hearsay—the word of other people who have seen a little, and imagined a great deal more. Each of us oberishes his own neculiar version of everything remote, to which a dozen varying fancles have contributed. How can we know how much is fletion? The proportion is, doubtless, greater when the subject is inspiring. Many characters familiar enough to us have no real existence at all, but are born of pure inspiration. I protest I see no sufficient ovinence that Dewey is not one of them.

"That's all pretty fair, old man, said his chum, "but even the youngster has most likely seen a picture or two of the Admiral—somewhere. Queer, his numerous inventors say him all alike."

"You underwatingte the possibilities of in-

saw him all alike ou underestimate the possibilities of in-"You underestimate the possibilities of in-spiration." Tinkieton returned. "How about Unde Sam? Don't you think you'd know him if you met him on the street? And how many minds do you think it took to imagine him? No, my dear fellow, I must have better evidence than that. Considering all the circumstances and the sources of our intelligence, nothing seems to me more probable than that our be-loved Admiral is only a bit of interesting folk-loved. Admiral is only a bit of interesting folk-lore, just as much as Uncle Sam or Santa Caus or Groker or "--

spaniards and fighting admirals—the Dewey class of myth.

"Then there wasn't any war with Spain," observed Tinkleton's chum, regretfully. The Youngster grinned.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," sain Tinkleton, "There is undoubtedly an underlying basis of fact for many of these things. So was there for the giants and dragens. But the versions that we know are so far distorted from the truth that we can form no proper conception of the originals. We heard a good deal last summer of a man called Fighting Bob Evans, commanding a battleship. He was a blustering old fire-cater, marked by an insane desire to light Spain singlehanded, and an hability to uttern sentence without the word 'holl' in it. Now, do you suppose that the real Capt. Robley Evans. If there is such a man is anything like that? I haven tany dea what he is it. Now, do you suppose that the real Capt. Robber Evans—if there is such a man is anything like that? I haven tany idea what he is like; but it wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that he is a credit to the navy and a perfect gentleman. The 'Fighting Rob' that we know belongs to the world of fletion just as properly as Long John Silver. Newspapers are rapidly degenerating into storybooks, in which we read picturesque and spirited accounts of the doings of the world, with about as much foundation in fact as the historical romances of Hore and Weyman."

Hope and Weyman. "And Dewoy's the hero, I suppose," said the "And Dewey's the hero, I suppose," said the Youngster.
"You've hit upon the exact point I wanted to make," cried Tinkleton. "That was just what aroused my suspicions about Dewey in the first place. The story of his floct, from the time it left Hong Kong until Manila was in our hands, forms one of the most perfect bits of heroic romance in all literature. It is hard to believe that the soher, unsympathetic course of unture could have brought about a series of events so completely in accord with all our notions of the way things ought to be. A theory much more plausible is that Dewey is a truly epic hero, whose story, like the tidyssey, is merely the final setting for the gems of romance born of many efforts to lise cried to a great occasion." like the Odyssey, is merely the final setting for the gems of romance born of many efforts to rise equal to a great neasion."
"In short," said Tinkleton's chum, "he is too groad to be true."
"Just so," said Tinkleton.

WILDCATS COME AND GO. RAISED THIS MAN TO AFFLUENCE, THEN SUNK HIM IN POVERTY.

t Happened in the Knob Country, Where Blacksnakes Grow Big and Hungry and Swift, and Benefactors of a Township Sometimes Have to Go Without Their Tobacco - Vain Consolation Offered.

MILPORD, Pa., July 8 .- " I was settin' in the rocery over to the Eddy," said the man from the Knob country, "talkin' to Eli and Jonas, when the man come in. None of us hadn't never seen him afore, and he looked to me jest like a feller who had been 'tendin' stone frolics and barn-raisin's pretty steady for a week or so, and hadn't missed a single passin' of the jug. He sot down on a kit o' macker'l first, but Simeon told him he'd have to git off o' that, 'cause he was goin' to count some macker' out of it 'fore long, and so the stranger clum on to a flour bar'l and sot there. I was settin on a soap box. Ell was on the cracker bar'l and Jonas was chawln' tobacker and whittlin a stick on the counter. Simeon was jest drawin' a pint o' 'lasses when the stranger

"'I jest lost \$20," he says, 'and I done this township a big favor in doin' it, too. "'Providin' the township finds it,' I says sort o' grinnin' at the feller. "'No,' he says, 'not providin' the township finds it. The township has found it already, he says. But it leaves me mighty poor, I

want to tell you!' he says.
"Simeon got through drawin' the pint o insaes jest then, and he riz up.

"" If this here township has found your \$20, he says, 'I don't know nothin' about it, bu she'll give it up if she's got it,' he says. "Cause Simeon was Town Cierk, and knowed what he was talkin about.

"'Well,' says the stranger, 'what I mean to say is, the township has only found my \$20 as it were. Only as it were, 'he says 'But what I also mean to say is that they was the bigges and anssiest and persistin'est anakes I ever

putth" in their best licks on my trail, not more than fifty sards in the rear, and gainin at every wriggle! I grabbed another wideat kitten and chucked it out, s'posin, o' course, that them four screpents would stop and have a light for it, and that I mowt git to a clearin safe and sound afore the fight was settled.

"Six dollars!" says I. "By Junes! I'm afeard my folks! I have to missa circus or two this year, after all" says I.

"So. Squire, you kin imagine my feelin's, mebbe, when I see that them snakes didn't stop and fight for that whichat kitten at all. One of em got It, and to ther three come right on without slackin' up a second! And, worse than that, more screents come tearin out o' the woods and lined in the chase. I see it wan't no use, and I jist stood up in the wagon and fed them snakes \$2 wildcat kittens till there want one o' the nine left.

"Fighteen dollars!" says I. This is gettin into the clutch o' poverty pretty durn suddent!" says!.

"I was pretty nigh out o' the woods, though, by this time, and could see the clearin's right.

gettin into the clutch o' poverty pretty durn suddent! says!.

"I was pretty nigh out o' the woods, though, by this time, and could see the clearin's right ahead o' me.

"By jupes!" says!. I' I'll save the old cat's carcass and clean up \$2 out o' this any-how." says!

"But, Squire, I was overhauled by a tremendous big snake 'fore! got to the end o' the woods, and I knowed by the hump on him that he had one o' them kittens o' mine insule of him already. But I had to give up the old cat to him, all the same, and then I went out o' them woods into the clearin's a-hummin! I looked back and seen the huil blame caboodie o' them snakes having a lively rough-and-tumble over the carcass o' that old wildeat, but I didn't stay to see how it came out.

"Twenty dollars," says! And my hoss all but foundered, and six spokes and a felly out o' my wagon! I never thought," says! In that I could a been made as poor as that "sayih nothin' of the wear and tear on my harvous system. Squirs! That's how! I lost \$20 and done this here township a big favor by doin it, though! I made misself peor, cause the township a big favor by doin it. to him, all the same, and then I went out of them woods into the cientin's a-hummin'. I looked back and seen the hull blame caboodie of them snakes having a lively rough-and-tumble over the carcass of that old wildcat, but I didn't stay to see how it came out.

"Twenty dollars!" says I. "And my hoss all tent foundered, and six spokes and a felly out o' my wagon. I never thought, says I. "And in the contracts without advertising. Price's claim is a sayin nothin of the wear and tear on my harvous system. Squire! That's how I lost \$20 and done this here township a hig favor by doin it, though I made myself peor, cause the township has found that \$20, though the bounty on them ten wild; to pay the bounty on them ten wild; to pay the bounty on them ten wild; to you fellers by mutin them wildcats out o' the way. I've made myself peor, and the worry I'm in overit is high settin me crazy; It don't seem to me, Squire, but what you lefters and

the township mowt kind o' chip in a couple o' dollars, say, so I wouldn't be quite so durn poor, and to kind o' case my narvous system and head bustin' worry, says the stranger.

'Say, Cap'n, I broke in and says, You ain't so poor as you think you be, and you needn't worry, I says. There's been more folks than you in this township that's seen snakes chasin' 'em, and you hain't lost \$20, 'cause there ain't no bounty on whileals no more. The Lesislatur' wiped out the bounty law last winter, I says, cheerin'-like. 'So you needn't worry over seein' sinkes, and you see you nin't so poor as you thought you was,' I says. "It don't seem to me as if the stranger was glada bit for me a cheerin' of him up, for he went out and never thanked me. I turned to give my opinion of him to Jonas, but Jonas wa'n't there.

". Where's Jonas? I says.
". Well, I'll be stumped!" says Simeor
Darned if Jonas hair't gone home, and forgo
hat the tobacker was five cents!' says he."

WEAKEISH IN JAMIICA BAY. The Outfit Required and the Secret of Ang-

ling for Them with Success. Upon the wails of the Uncle Sam House at Canarsie hang fifty fishing rods. They average They are made of single pieces of hamboo, and there is not a jointed rod in the collection. is the belief at Canarsie that metal joints destroy the flexibility of a rod. Affixed to each of these rods is a reel varying according to the taste or wealth of the owner, from the small ellek trout reel to the heavy salt water balance carrying 500 feet of line. The rods are inexpensive, averaging about \$2.50, while the reels run all the way from \$2 to \$40. The lines, as a rule, are made of twelve-thread Irish linen. The rest of the tackle consists of strong double leader five feet in length, together with a single regulation weaklish look securely tied to a small loop of gut four inches long. The rods are owned by business men in Greater New York, who use them on Saturdays and Sundays during the fishing seaon in the capture of weakfish in Jamaica Bay. There are fifteen professional guides at Ca-jursie who make their headquarters at this house. The fisherman's day consists of two tides, as weakfish can only be caught at the

which was the strainer, "will mann to fivere. Unly as it were. The sax. But what I also men to say it that they was the biggest had been do or see, he says, 'and took to wildest like chelled ones ore,' he says, 'and took to wildest like chelled ones ore,' he says, 'and took to wildest like chelled ones ore,' he says, 'and took to wildest like ore of a keeper look, and starred for the door."

"One home, Jonas' says Simoon."

"One home, Jonas' says Simoon."

"The lookeer was the control of the door."

"One home, Jonas' says Simoon."

"The lookeer was the control of the door."

"One home, Jonas' says Simoon."

"One home, Jonas' says Simoon."

"The lookeer was the Jonas would a gene clear home without recall in the year was the Jonas would a gene clear home without recall in the year was the Jonas would a gene clear home without recall in the year. It was a same says the looke the week, he says.

"Why, consarant: So it was 'and he came lead and as to make our Home and want to have a same of the says of the lookers of the week, he says.

"The Jonas was no burge withful; that he was lead and as to business the looker of the says of the says.

"The Jonas was no burge withful; that he had the here to braich the says of the says of

Expenses from the City. President Clausen of the Park Board, Capt. James K Price of the Nineteenth police pre cinet and Henry Shill, a policeman, have filed claims against the city aggregating \$25,050 for expenses incurred in defending themselves against charges brought while they were holding office. The claims are made under the was a lopted by the last Legislature and signed by the Governor among the thirtyday bills. It provides that any official charges or indictment shall be reimbursed for moneys expended for counsel fees and exneuses. The claims were filed with Comp troller Coler, who referred them to Corporation Counsel Whalen. The city officials say that the expense to the city which will result from this law will run close to \$1,000,000, for it is the expense to the city which will result from bis law will ran close to \$1,000,000, for it is cery broad in its terms, and may be invoked by my official against whom charges were ever insuccessfully made. Chausen's claim is \$12,000, not itemized, for

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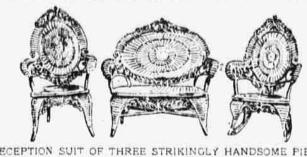
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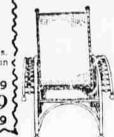
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THE OUTLAW KANGAROO. A CATTLE THIEF AND A KIDNAP-PER, AUSTRALIAN TALES SAY.

to Steal Both Men and Horses, It Is Declared-At Any Rate Some Australian Kangaroos Have Ways That Make Hunting Them on Exciting Postime

"Years ago I was a rover in Australia," said

former member of the dramatic profession. and I dailied for a while with the dramatic nuse, and somewhat successfully. Then, metphorically spenking, I piped on oaten straw. ike the Areadian shepherd, and dropped oney in wool. Then I delved in the mines for the dross of gold, and didn't find any At last 1 made a fortunate strike in tailow, and for a time revelled in the charms of nature and learned to hunt the kangaroo. I learned a good many things about kangaroos that are not in the books-for instance, that the bushmen trained kangaroos to be horse and cattle thieves, kidcappers, highway robbers and the like. I say learned that, but perhaps I had better say that the good people I met during my career as a gentleman sportsman in Australia told me such was the case. I never had any ocular proof that there were kangarop cattle thieves

or kaugaroo highway robbers, but I shall be-

lieve in kangaroo horse thieves and kidnappers intil my dying day. I'll tell you why. While I was living this life of a gentleman sportsman I was quartered at a little settlement at Boort Run, right in the kangaroo country. To hunt kangaroes seems almost like going out to run down and maul the life out of a few of your decent relatives, but the kangaroo bunt was the chief recreation of the gentleman sportsman in Australia the time I was there. and as I had become a member of that order f citizens, after making my pile in tallow, L. of course, had to hunt kangaroos. You ount kangaroos on horseback, and you have to sit on your borse like a star circus

nob-you may have the luck to tackle what they call a regular up-and-up becomer, and if you do-well, say! If you do, you will begin to have your doubts about your caring to be a gentleman sportsman in Australia. An upand-up becomer, or a bloomin' old man, as some call him, is a leader in a nobof kongs, and there's more fight in him than there is in a barrel of Sixth ward rum. If the bloomin' old nan gets the squeeze on you and is inclined a stop the fight right there and then, he'll put a the pressure and crack your bones as you would crush a soft-shell almond.
"It isn't sportsmanlike to bag your kan-

garoo with a gun. Your weapon is a short but eavy club, and, as you charge your game, the object is to deliver a blow with the club that will neatly break the kangaroo's neek. Dogs trained for the purpose harass the game and get it in position so that you can the better and surer deliver the death blow. It requires a good deal of skill and dexterity to strike the right spot and at the same time guard youreif against the assaults of the kangaroo, for he has his eye on the chance of getting in a blow on you that may send you sprawling from your horse. "I got so that I could handle the club and

"I got so that I could handle the club and the horse pretty well on a kangaroo hunt, and rather liked the exciting sport until one day I ran food of a kang thet was folled by a life of outlawry, and that spotled me for kangarooling. A party of us had gone up the run live or six miles kangarooling. We had five dogs and ran suddenly into a nobod seven kangaroes. The leader of the nob was the up-and-uppest boomer, the bloomin est oid man I had ever seen except a tame kangaroe that had over seen except a time kangaroe that had ever been seen in Australia. It was taken when only a few days old and grew to enormous size, and had the run of the settlement, and the run of the settlement, and the vern for the settlement, and the whole country, for that matter. Everybody knew Danny Doe, as the big tame kang was called, and Danny seemed to know everybody and everything. When I saw the big leader of this mon rise before me, I couldn't belig but think that he might be Danny bee's brather. He rose to receive the attack of three of our dogs, and he stood not less than eight feet high. He gathered in each one of those three dogs as they sprang at him and indict them down in one, two, three order, without a whole bone among them. This bloomin' old man seemed not only willing but anxious to join in a general fight with us. One of our party killed his kangaroo. rider, too, or you will never hunt kangaroos more than once. You are apt to be lassed out of your saddle and loft hanging by your neek at the end of some drooring vine as you pass through the country, and if you keep your seat as your horse dashes over a stretch of ground made picture-squely irregular by a million tolg ant hills, you stand a chance of being tipped out of it into an advining tract of down timber and treated to a run across country with your foot in the stirrup and your head playing shinny with begs and boulders. Then, when you get into a nob of kangaroos—half a dozen or so "kange" together make a

down on his head. That stargered him and forced him to longen his hold on me and tumble from the horse, but he took with him half of one trousers log and a hig clauk of skin from my thigh. He had no scener struck the ground than he spring and enight the horse around the neek, and was effectively shutting of the poor bonsts wind when I painted to me that old become was just more that one that old become was just more that one find in adject in all he was doing beyond the simple fact of wanting to win the light. Esting in his attempt to choke the horse to don't, he draw off a few places, becked me and the horse over and at once made up his aims! He came toward me with a tremendors bound, and as I raised my calls to meet him with a blow he feinted and landed on the horse lot hat no life for levald move a muscle he sed my arms oldowed to my class. At any rate, away over the blain we like to meet him with a blow he feinted and the kang sluck his claws in the horse sfanks. At any rate, away over the blain we went like the wind, hended for the bush At first I struggied to free invest, but I found that the more I struggied the tighter grew the class of the kan growes a my rile, antill was afraid he would squeeze the life out of me if I didn't appear kingwroo, the trained agent of some savage tribe of bushine, although the that he had a work to have in the kangaroo as to the that had been tool me as to the way bushine indicate that I was in the clutch of a kidnapper kingwroo. The trained agent of some savage tribe of bushine, although the fact of the high as the high the highest agent of some savage tribe of bushine, although the high to the wild so I will the bushinen fell foul of me, and I begin to struggle more desperatory than ever, and shout bushing to become outlaws in various lines. With this prospect before me I medean my mid-I might as well be killed trying to free myself from the kangaroo as to wait until the bushinen fell foul of me, and I begin to struggle more desperatory than ever, and shout bushing have c

had pretty nearly squeezed the breath out of the, and there isn't any doubt but that the next hitch he would have tightened on me would have cracked me in two. But that hitch hever came. All I can remember about it is that I saw a giant rise aboad of us, a little to one side of the herse, grait the bridle and fetch us all une-astanding. I felt the boomer release his hold on me and heard him dron from the horse. The giant git the horse's heard dropped the bridle and when I turned my head to see what all the commotion was I saw two gigantic kangaroos in combat. The combat was short. One kang by stretched lifeless on the ground. The other turned and came toward me. I almost fell out of my soddle, for who should it be but Danny lee, the giant tume kangaroo of Boort Rur

came toward me. I almost fell out of m soddle, for who should it be but Dann I bee, the giant tame kangarde of Boort Ru settlement. Hampily for no he had been o one of his strolls that day, and ahappened slong in the bush just as the kidnopping boomer was rushing to his destination. Danny recognized horse and me, knew what the trouble was that was enough. He stepped in to the recand dealt out vengence with a merciless! Danny led the way back to the settlemer when I told how he had saved me from kidnapped he was a bigger lion the kidnapped he was a bigger lion the But that it was a fact that kangare thus corrupted and turned into ways saddened me, and I never went kar after that." Zimer, but